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CRYSTALS

O POET

O poet, dost thou love thy songs?—
Or wouldst thou rather paint the golden cliffs?
Or model great bronze statues on the city's streets?
Or be in the front of an engine black
And steer him around the curve?
Or look at the stars through a telescope?

TO A SPARKLING PIECE OF CRYSTAL

O thou white and yellow stone,
How dost thou make thy nest and breed thy young in the rock?
Art thou a brother of the ruby red,
Which is more like Mars than the Pleiades seven
That sit in the heavens high,
Or the tailish comet that circles the sky?
O thou crystal bright as Venus
Shining in the twilight gray!

THE BUBBLE

Ethereal globe of thinnest glass,
Sphere of air, yet visible,
What hand of nymph or fairy
Could mold thy fragile form,
Airy, buoyant, weighing naught?
And of what clay, if such it be,
Did thy creator model thee?

THE BROOK

Where comest thou from, O little brook?
Where didst thou learn thy song?
"From the caw of the crow and the hawk's shrill note,
And the thrush's evening voice."

Where will you go, O little stream?
Where will you rest at last?
"Where the sand-piper's scream and the duck's cross quack
Echo out on the ocean wide."

Frank M. Schoonmaker (ten years old)